

4-9-C

Poston, Arizona

September 27, '42

Dear Mrs. Whitney,

When your last letter came, we were all greatly relieved since Fumiko hadn't heard from you for quite some time. We were glad it was busy-ness and not illness that kept you from writing. Every afternoon I'd come home from work and say to Fumiko, "Hear from Mrs. Whitney?", and she'd shake her head and say, "No...o.o." - Until one day before I had a chance to ask, she told me "yes" - I always sit and wait for all the news about Princess, then I laugh, feel proud or else ashamed of her as the case may be. - I hope she is being a good little girl.

How are you and Mr. Whitney? We're all fine and hope you are, too. We're all through with our typhoid shots. The second one hurt when the needle went

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in, but my arm didn't get very sore and neither did my head ache. The third injection didn't hurt at all, but afterwards my arm became pretty stiff. Here I was expecting to do not less than die, and I was hardly ill at all. I almost felt "gipped."

Nothing of much interest has happened since I last wrote you. Each morning I spend washing or ironing, sewing or crocheting. Every afternoon I go to work. Once a week I go to church - Once a week I go to see whatever movie happens to be showing. Last week it was "Abraham Lincoln". If I were a boy I think I should like to go east to work as many of the young boys are doing (The oldest Oda boy left last night for Nebraska). But being a girl -! I'm sewing a blouse and I'm crocheting a table runner.

Next time I write I hope to have more to tell you. Until then
 goodbye and
 Love, Rose